

"Quote"

SERVICE BULLETIN

To conserve the time of Public Speakers, Educators, Writers,
Ministers, Executives and all who are "Too Busy to Read"

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ADVERTISING

In a private letter to an American friend, an English advertising agent reports:

"Our staff is now up to 130 as against the lowest level of about 70 at the end of 1939. . . The most interesting feature of advertising nowadays is that almost every client stipulates that on no account whatever must any advertisement sell anything, or add to their burdens in any way by increasing the demand by even a fraction! Most manufacturers can sell far more than they can produce, and are only concerned with maintaining their reputation and name. This may sound like a paradise for advertising men, but I can assure that it is a darned difficult thing to write copy which will shed lustre upon a client and yet not sell his goods!"—*Sales Management*, 2-15-'41.

" "

"Have you ever dreamed of judging a Beauty Contest?" is the engaging query which the makers of Rheingold beer put to their distributors. Then the Company gave them that opportunity. An accompanying book reproduced in full color photographs of twenty-five attractive young models. Each dealer was asked to vote his preference, the winner to become "Miss Rheingold of 1941."

" "

An interesting commentary on the use of adjectives in advertising the quality and performance of a product is contained in a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh District. An oil company advertised its product as providing "perfect protection against burned bearings" and as performing "amazing feats of lubrication."

This is what the Court said regarding the use of "perfect" and "amazing": "As used by the petitioner (these words) are in our opinion nothing more than a form of 'puffing' not calculated to deceive."—From a Legal Bulletin issued by Advertising Federation of America.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND . . .

Do you suppose those songbirds of the shelters, warbling a bit off key, have any real notion of the England that is to be? Probably not. A people in transition aren't likely to realize where the bus is taking them.

We, too, believe there will always be an England. But it is interesting to speculate on the *kind* of an England that is to follow this period of strife and struggle.

There will be no general agreement with Henry Ford's recent sweeping conclusion that Axis and Britain are equally guilty and "there is no righteousness in either cause." Yet we should not, under emotional stress, be misled by what someone once referred to as "the mirage of the innocent lamb." Let's not try to garb the British lion in sheep's clothing. England's ruling class, for a generation, has been stupid, avaricious, and grossly derelict of duty. But, what Mr. Ford does not fully realize—and what Herr Hitler probably doesn't even suspect—is that the ruling class is no longer running this war. True, such die-hard conservatives as Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Simon and Sir Kingsley Wood continue to hold posts in Parliament, but their prestige diminishes. They shall have little to say in the coming peace.

And, assuming a British victory, what is to be the pattern of that peace? What is to come when the war is done? Ernie Pyle, American correspondent, writing from Glasgow, throws out this interesting speculation:

"These fellows up here in the shipyards, the dock workers down in Liverpool, the coal miners in Wales, the Cockneys in their London slums, and farmers all over Britain—they are the guys who will have to have a new deal when the war is over. They are the guys the country must make some war aims for when the victory is won."

Joseph Kennedy, ex-ambassador to the Court of St. James, is authority for the statement that Socialism for England is an inescapable product of this conflict. Quite possibly he is correct. But we venture the guess that it will not be a Socialism imported from the Kremlin, but a new brand, bearing the label of the Union Jack. Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher, once amusingly observed that if England ever became a bolshevik state it would be with the English king on his throne, and His Majesty's loyal opposition firmly ensconced in the Parliament.

—MAXWELL DROKE,
Publisher.

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Quote prophesies—

—that, almost immediately, Germany, aided perhaps by Japanese commerce raiders, will begin sinking British merchantmen at a greatly accelerated rate. (Be prepared to see Nazi subs sink more tonnage in a month than British shipyards can replace in a year.)

By early Summer American-made war materials will pile up at embarkation ports much faster than British can provide bottoms. (Only heavy bombers can cross under their own power.)

This situation, plus concerted air attacks on British Isles, Gibraltar, etc., threatens a condition of hysteria in U. S. (due in 60 to 90 days.) Will almost certainly force our decision to give England more ships—merchantmen and destroyers. Look for proposal to build hundreds additional destroyers here.

Present shortage of British seamen will become acute soon; may lead to some plan permitting American sailors to serve under Union Jack.

ADVERTISING

Boosting the Competitor—Denizens of Denver are still shaking their heads in wonderment over the love feast put on recently by two top-flight rival local theaters. B. D. Cockrill, manager of the Denham, first-run Paramount house, spent some of the theater's good money to run a 100-line ad offering congratulations to the Orpheum and Mickey Gross, its manager, on its showing of "The Philadelphia Story." "The Philadelphia Story," said the copy, "is a tremendous credit to the motion picture industry . . . It proves that Hollywood is constantly striving to better its best entertainment."

And all this, mind you, when the picture was just starting its run at the rival house.—*Advertising Age*, 2-17-'41.

ANGER

Well, we can all stop sticking pins into wax images of our enemies now, because Bloomingdale's Department Store in New York has a more up-to-date method for working off a rage. They're selling chalk figures called a Wackeroo (with hands coming out of its ears and feet growing from its neck) whose only purpose is to be smashed on the floor when you're sore.—*Business Week*, 2-8-'41.

AVIATION

How long does it take to fly a bomber plane from Nova Scotia to England? Last published schedule was approximately 14 hours, but records attained in recent weeks are so far below that time that if figures could be published they would amaze all America.

Wisecracks of the Week

Communist publications in the United States like to be known as "liberal," and recent revelations prove that they are—with other people's money.

" "

Archaeologists have excavated the thumb of a million-year-old woman. Perhaps if they dig a little deeper they will discover a million-year-old man under it.—*The Friend*.

" "

A Canadian back from the Congo tells of primitive tribes scaring their children with stories of civilization.—*The Providence Journal*.

" "

The aim of the bombers over London is vastly inferior to the accuracy of the tomato-hurlers last fall.—*WENDELL WILLKIE*.

" "

To a people like the British, setbacks early in the war act as a tonic; we cannot fight without them.—*Economist*, London.

" "

When your sales talk is wordy, weed it and reap.—*Specialty Salesman Magazine*, 2-'41.

" "

Joe E. Lewis sums up the European war as "the R.A.F. versus the R.A.T."—*WALTER WINCHELL*, *On Broadway*.

BEHAVIOR

One method of raising money for Great Britain which has gained tremendous response from the American public is the sale of those handsome tricolor gold-and-enamel emblems of the British War Relief Society . . .

Which reminds me of the day the sale of these emblems was launched in the United States. . . . The first impression I got of this event was an odd one . . . As I approached the rooms of the British Chamber of Com-

merce, in Rockefeller Center, I heard an orchestra playing gaily. Well, now, what tunes would you expect to hear played on such an occasion? That's right—*Rule, Britannia* or *There'll Always Be an England* or perhaps *God Bless America*! But the number that was being offered to that gathering of British patriots and their sympathizers was *The Blue Danube*, and it was followed by other Viennese and German waltzes. Can you imagine what would happen at a party staged by a gang of Nazis in Germany if the orchestra struck up a British tune? That is, unless it was *London Bridge Is Falling Down*.—*HARRY EVANS*, *The Family Circle*, 2-21-'41.

CAMOUFLAGE

In the last war camouflage was something fairly simple. The object to be disguised was just streaked with paint until it melted into the surrounding terrain, and that was that. Nowadays camoufleurs are a lot more ambitious. Take the case of the North American Aviation Company which is building a new \$6,000,000 plant in Dallas, Texas. Looking ahead to the days when reconnaissance planes will be roaring over Dallas, North American plans to camouflage its new plant by painting an 18 hole golf course on the roof complete with artificial shrubs and trees.—*Business Week*, 1-18-'41.

CHILDREN IN WARTIME

Saturday afternoon is children's hour at the Hollywood (London) cinema, and the Germans chose that moment to drop a bomb on it, with serious results—several children killed and many injured. Two children who had gone to this performance failed to return home at the usual time. Their mother, hearing of the tragedy, rushed to the scene, but could find no trace of them. Eventually returning home distracted she found the children safe and sound. "Goodness, what happened to you two, didn't you go to the Hollywood?" "Oh yes, mother, we went there, but the Germans dropped a bomb on it so we came out and went to another one."—*News from the Outpost*, publication of American-Britain Outpost of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

FATALISM

I once had an Arab chauffeur who whirled my car down into a desert canyon meant for camels and not for cars. I was so frightened that I rose from the back seat, grabbed him by the collar and shouted in very definite Arabic terms, "For heaven's sake, hang on to the wheel or put your foot on the brake." The answer was "Inshallah." If Allah wants us to get to the bottom in one piece, all right; in a dozen pieces, all right.¹ You see it was none of his business, he was only driving the car.—CLARENCE W. SORENSON, in a radio talk on "Arabia—The Enigma," reprinted in *Talks*, 1-41.

Trader Talks Tough

"We are going to do business solely on the basis of German advantage. If it's good for Germany we shall trade, and no American or British interests are going to put a stop to our way of doing business.

"We must be reckoned with, and whether we deal on an exchange basis or not is no business of any international New York or London bankers."—ADOLF HITLER, on 21st Anniversary of Founding of National Socialist Party, Feb. 24, 1941.

FIFTH COLUMN

Vivid Fifth Column anecdotes are told about *Herr Direktor* of Germany's French-language press in Paris. He is a German army captain with a Ph.D. degree from Leipzig. Despite his aristocratic background, he formerly held down the subaltern job of elevator man in the principal Paris newspaper office, *Paris-Soir*. For five years he played the role of the dumb elevator man, asking dumb questions and doing dumb things in a dumb way. Nobody suspected his true identity. All the while, with patience and tenacity, he was organizing a crew of composers and pressmen, of reporters and editors, to be used when and if . . . When the Nazis reached Paris, he doffed his elevator man's uniform and donned that of a German army captain. The transition was speedy: 11 a.m., elevator man; 3 p.m., business manager and editor-in-chief combined. In his new post, he worked with zeal and dispatch. Exactly twelve hours after the German troops entered Paris, he published a special edition of *Paris-Soir*—one million copies—in which the Nazis told the Parisians, in unmistakable language, what was expected of them.—BERNHARD RAGNER, "Paris under the Germans," *American Mercury*, 2-41.

THE COLUMNISTS' COLUMN

The prophet who says that Singapore should be able to hold out for two or three months had better multiply his estimate by ten—and twenty to be on the safe side—if this mighty modern fortress can ever be conquered. . . .

Singapore commands the Strait of Malacca, joining the Indian ocean on one side and the China seas on the other, with Johore strait cutting it off from the mainland. It is the great free port for trade in Malaya hence comes most of the world's rubber and tin. . . .

No warship could afford to approach within 25 miles of the fort's defense batteries, the most powerful in the world. Within the Johore strait there is anchorage for a battle fleet larger than that of the Japanese, a graving dock second only in size to that of Southampton, capable of receiving the largest of battleships, and supplemented by a 50,000-ton floating dock. A huge airdrome is prepared for resistance to a bombing siege. (There is bombproof reserve tankage for 1,000,000 tons of oil and gasoline.)

Compared with Nazi invasion of Great Britain across the channel or the North sea, any attempted Japanese invasion of Singapore island will have to come 2,500 miles. Scouting planes will apprise defenders hours, even days, ahead of the approach of troop envoys. . . . Just as at Malta, and as it will be at Guam, the garrison defenders will be secure against bombs or shells except when they expose themselves to meet the attack. (At Malta, 90 German dive bombers were destroyed in three days last January, without appreciable injury to British garrisons.—Editor.)

There are few Japanese in Singapore. Nearly half the population is Chinese, who are too busy sending money to aid Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese army to listen to the dulcet tones of any fifth columnist about a new order in Asia.—COL. FREDERICK PALMER, *The World Today*.

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Although Jan Valtin has been in New York for some two years, writing on occasion for the *American Mercury*, doing manual labor at other times, frequently going hungry when work fell off, only a handful knew his real name, which is Richard Julius Herman Krebs. Those few who

knew it kept the secret effectively, so that Valtin remained a mystery after his book* made the best seller list when more than 250,000 copies were sold. The first newspaperman to break Valtin's story was the managing editor of the Sacramento (California) *Bee*, who uncovered the details by the simple expedient of searching the San Quentin prison records. There he discovered that Valtin was Krebs, that the author was born on December 17, 1905, in Darmstadt, Germany, and that he was arrested in Los Angeles in 1924 for illegal entry into this country.—VICTOR RIESEL, "Heard in the Left," *The New Leader*.

*See page 5. Several persons are said to have called the publisher of the "Valtin" book, threatening the author by his true name. One night recently offices of *The New Leader* were entered forcibly by persons apparently seeking the author's address.

FREEDOM

Freedom of the press and freedom of the radio are the common means by which the common man gets his common information on which must depend his common sense.—REV. SAMUEL M. SHOEMAKER, *Think*, 2-41.

GARDENS

Now and then we receive reports that members of garden clubs feel it unpatriotic to be active in gardening and flower shows at this time, that whatever extra energy and hours they can spare should be devoted solely to war work. . . .

Let us look to England, to a report of this last November's shows in sections other than the bombed areas. It seems that these shows have been outstanding successes and that they were promoted by amateurs and not by the horticultural trade. The amateurs of England—equivalent to our garden club members, and certainly with their time taxed for defense and relief work—have proved that flowers and flower shows give much-needed repose and relaxation. Once again it is morale that these help maintain.

There never was a time when Americans needed more desperately to keep their heads on their shoulders—sane, cool heads on healthy shoulders. Gardening . . . is one of the most worthwhile and beneficial "escapes." The hoe is the gardener's sword.—RICHARDSON WRIGHT, "Plowshares into Swords," *House and Garden*, 3-41.

THE NEW BOOKS---

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THEM

Out of the Night—JAN VALTIN, (Alliance, \$3.50.)

At an unrevealed location "somewhere in the United States" lives the author of this world-shaking autobiography. His name?—Withheld for his own safety! For convenience, Jan Valtin. His age?—36. His life—A nightmare in truth. This volatile volume—a hotbed of names and facts carefully authenticated by the publishers—is Book-of-the-Month Club's selection for February.

Son of a German seaman, the scene of Valtin's youth shifted from port to port all over the world. The upshot of this nomadism was a "lad without a country," contemptuous of patriotism and fertile ground for seeds of Communism. Young, bitter, and thwarted by the hatred and tumult of his native Germany in her post-war agonies, he was fired by the explosive enthusiasm of a Communist agitator with whom he shared a Hamburg jail cell. As a new recruit to the party, Valtin was assigned to the Maritime Section where his seafaring experience served him to gain access to and eventually converts from the crews. Success in his assignments and unwavering devotion to the cause brought promotion after promotion to the still youthful zealot, and new posts with greater responsibilities were continually allotted to him. Then the command by his superior in the United States, where he had been working the West Coast, to murder! Badly—perhaps purposely—bungled, with a term in San Quentin, his years in prison were ineffectual in dimming his ardor.

Back to Germany in 1929, then to Antwerp where deep and lasting love—later marriage—to half-German, half-Flemish Firelei, unsympathetic with Communism, still did not shake his loyalty to the cause. On the contrary, her devotion to and desire to be with Valtin, caused the lovely Firelei to join the party.

When Hitler took over Germany, the Communist purge brought Valtin, notwithstanding every precaution, into the merciless hands of the Gestapo. Beyond description, seemingly beyond endurance, the soul-searing, pain-racking tortures he suffered and witnessed are the author's alone to reveal. They cannot be summed up;

they cannot be reviewed; nor can they be read without a choking of horror. Too valuable as a potential source of information to be allowed to go over that blessed shadowline of death, Valtin endured "one hundred and one days of inquisition." "Twice I tried to hang myself with strips torn from my reeking blanket. The urge to die was like a thirsty man's urge for water." A bit of relaxation was afforded by watching old comrades beheaded.

But word came through to him one day that the time was ripe to pretend entry into Gestapo. As a spy he would be valuable for his unquestioned access to Communist secret information. Thus he was released under constant Nazi surveillance, only to find that a request for his wife's escort into safety had turned the Bolsheviks against him and he was "caught between the two most ruthless secret police organizations in the world—the German Gestapo and the Russian G.P.U." Opportunity for escape from Germany was seized upon—thence to Copenhagen, to Paris, to the West Indies, always at wit's end to elude the ever-lengthening arm of the G.P.U., and the net of Nazi hatred which had taken its vengeance for his treachery: "In December, 1938, I received a message that Firelei had died in prison. Our son, Jan, became a ward of the Third Reich. I have not heard of him again."

" "

Come Wind, Come Weather—DAPHNE DU MAURIER, author of that strangely moving novel, *Rebecca*. (Doubleday, .25)—This paper-bound pamphlet was first issued in London on August 15, 1940, the date of the threatened invasion, where it had a phenomenal sale of more than half a million copies. The American edition was published on February 21, 1941. The author, who in private life is a Mrs. Browning, has foregone all personal profits from the manuscript, in order to gain the widest possible audience.

This is a series of brief sketches relating substantially true incidents in the lives of England's little people—troubled folk seeking each to find his place in a weird, unnatural world; a world conceived by holocaust, and born of the harlot War. The title is

derived from the staunch old British hymn of John Bunyan:

Who would true valour see
Let him come hither,
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather...

The book is quite frankly a bit of propaganda for the Moral Re-Armament Program which, under the American, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, has gained great headway in England. Some of the characters featured in these sketches may impress us as a bit too good, and too noble to live with in comfort. Yet the book is marked by an appealing simplicity and sincerity. "Those men and women who listen to the Voice within" concludes Miss Du Maurier, "will 'Constant be' like the Puritans of old, and linking hands, one with another, will form a chain of steel around this island that no enemy from without can ever break."

This little book may very well enjoy great popularity in the United States.

The draft may have been a severe—even heart-breaking—blow to many. But no one, we feel sure, was so acutely embarrassed by having his number called as one W. B. Darling, business man and staid suburbanite.

Up until the draft, Mr. Darling had answered to "W. B." and never revealed what the initials stood for. The government unveiled the mystery. His name is "Welcome Baby Darling"! The only explanation is an overly delighted and sentimental mother... and he might as well go in the army now.—*Chicago Times*.

HEALTH—in Industry

Confronted with long, severe winters that previously had taken an extremely heavy toll from its productive man-hours, Continental Machines, Inc., of Minneapolis, recently inaugurated a unique project designed to keep its skilled men "on the job." Having found that vitamin capsules build up effective resistance to colds, the management began to ration these capsules to the workers. At 10:30 each morning the capsules are distributed in paper cups on which is imprinted the caption, "Your Health!" Under this heading appears a short, snappy paragraph on some important phase of health preservation. The cost of the project will run around \$500 for a period of 90 days for a force of 400 men, but it is expected to pay for itself several times over.—LEIGHTON WILKIE, *Steel*, 1-41.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

"You did it! You good Americans back home did this to us, just as surely as though you'd sent your own battleships up the river firing broadsides into us. You didn't do that, but you sent the Japanese. You sent them their shells and their shrapnel. You sent them shiploads of knock-down automobiles and trucks and tanks; without them they'd never have come through those northern passes. . . . You sent me over here to teach Jesus, and brotherhood, and sweet peace, and just when I was getting somewhere, you filled up a lot of Japanese planes with good American gasoline, slung a lot of good American bombs underneath, and told them to go to it, that there was a lot more where that came from, cash and carry. Hong-kew sheweth your handiwork. Chapel is the work of your hands!"—FRANK S. MEAD, reporting the comments of an American missionary to China, *The Friend*, 2-41.

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A missionary to China on furlough told an audience in Utica, Michigan, of her narrow escape when a Japanese bomb burst in front of her home. When the smoke cleared away she went out and picked up a splinter of the steel casing. On its inside were stamped the words: Plymouth, Michigan.—*Weekly People*, official organ of the Socialist Labor Party, 2-8-41.

JEWS

Although the plight of the Jews in Germany is more desperate than at the time Germany brought about the world war, Jews can now find employment under strict supervision in Government munition works and other plants. Jews who were reduced almost to a desperate economic state through being barred from virtually every kind of employment, welcomed being drafted by German authorities for factory work.—JOSEPH W. GRIGG, JR., United Press Correspondent, *The Detroit Free Press*, 2-19-41.

JUDGMENT

During the frontier days the Sioux Indians had a strange custom. When an Indian left his camp to travel in the lands of other tribes, he would sit beside the chiefs the night before. Just before the blaze of the campfire fell back into gray ash, the Indian would lift his hand toward the sky and say, "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

MAGIC

It was not Hitler who introduced the mystic sign of the swastika as the symbol of Germany's destiny. It was Kaiser Wilhelm II, who, on his visit to England in 1911, bewildered Scotland Yard by arriving with swastika labels pasted all over his royal baggage. He regarded the swastika as a magic protector of his person. In fact, he thinks it saved his life in the days when his empire collapsed. . . .

The Fuehrer's faith in the swastika is no less fervent. That is why he has adopted the imperial suitcase sticker as the flag and insignia of the Third Reich.—PIERRE VAN PAASEN, "Why Hitler Thinks He Will Die This Year," *Liberty*, 2-22-41.

MEMORY

The quickest way to convince a man that you fully realize his importance and value his friendship is to take the trouble to learn his name and address him by it when you speak to him. This fact was discovered more than two thousand years ago, and diplomats, businessmen, and society leaders have not improved upon it yet.

A man named Cineas demonstrated it then, when his king, Pyrrhus, sent him to Rome on a delicate mission. Pyrrhus had been making war on Rome, and now wanted peace, so he chose Cineas as the wisest and most diplomatic man at court to go to discuss terms of peace with the enemy. Under the circumstances, Cineas was not welcomed very warmly. But he was not an ordinary man. The first thing he did upon his arrival was to ask the names of all the men in the Roman senate. Before morning he knew them all by heart. The next day, when he rose to speak, every senator in Rome was amazed—and delighted—to discover that this stranger actually knew his name, and mentioned him personally during his address. Naturally, Cineas was very well received.—ROBERT H. NUTT, *How to Develop a Good Memory*, (Simon and Schuster, \$1.96.)

MUSIC—Criticism

A young and very ambitious composer approached Stravinsky with a composition and asked for his opinion. Stravinsky said the music was both beautiful and new; the young man was in raptures and wanted to hear more.

"Yes, yes," said Stravinsky, playing a few more bars. "It is beautiful and new. But what is beautiful is not new, and what is new is not beautiful."—*Stage*, 2-41.

ORGANIZATION

Organization is the art of getting men to respond like thoroughbreds. When you call on a thoroughbred he gives you all the speed, strength of heart and sinew in him. When you call on a jackass he kicks.—*The American Restaurant Magazine*, 1-41.

PACIFISM

The proposition, now being published by one of the large Protestant groups, that Christianity is pacifism, is a gross exaggeration and misstatement. Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and Protestant pacifistic theologians have all tried in vain, again and again, to make this negative attitude towards war a part of the essence of Christian doctrine, but none of them has ever succeeded. With the exception of a few minor sects, the overwhelming majority of members of all branches of the Christian Church continue to believe that there are just wars, and that it is the duty of Christians to bear arms in resisting evil and in punishing aggressors, whenever this becomes necessary. — DR. DANIEL S. ROBINSON, President, Butler University.

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I will keep my pledge never to use my ministry to sanction or support war. Were I of draft age I would be a conscientious objector. On realistic factual grounds, I think our nation's belligerent participation in the war would be the greatest disaster in the history of the Republic. On Christian grounds I can see no possibility of any reconciliation between the central meanings of Jesus' teaching and the necessary operations of war. On every ground I am more convinced now than ever of the necessity of an unwavering Christian conscience against war.—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, Pastor, Riverside Church, New York City.

PRODUCTION—Arms

When the national defense program of the United States finally gets running full blast in July and August, only 12½%, or one-eighth of this country's total working energy will be devoted to military needs. . . .

In both Germany and Great Britain, however, the ratio is already about 60% for military needs, and 40% for civilian needs. In other words, both the Reich of Hitler and the British Isles of Churchill today devote three-fifths of their total energy to war production.

Measured in terms of national income, the ratios of the three countries are as follows: Out of a total national income of approximately \$80 billions,

the United States is now spending a little more than \$5 billions annually for military needs, and will be spending at the rate of \$10 billions by the end of the summer. Out of a total national income of approximately \$22 billions, Britain is spending \$13 billions annually for war production; and Germany's expenditure proportionately is the same.—*United States News*, 2-21-41.

PROPAGANDA

During a twelve week period of the latter part of 1940, one German propagandist, H. R. Hoffman, sent to the United States through the mail by way of Russia and Japan, more than nine tons of Nazi propaganda. This was all carried free of charge through the United States mails and was thereby paid for by the American taxpayer. It is time to call a halt to financing the distribution of Nazi propaganda with our money.—*HOMER L. CHAILLAUX*, "Eyes Left," *National Legionnaire*.

RELIGION

Church in Troubled Times—Christians will often feel, and at times may rightfully feel, that the cause of their nation represents the greater good or the lesser evil. They may find, in their form of society, values which transcend the selfish conceptions of sovereignty and power. They may feel that it is their duty as Christians to support what seems to them the greater good. But the spiritual and social gains to be expected from any national victory are never so decisive or so permanent as to justify, as an act of expediency, identifying the cause of Christ with the cause of nation. To do this would forfeit that independence of the world which is indispensable if the churches are to exert a continuing spiritual influence upon the world. Therefore, Christians must never fail to remember that all human projects are finite and prone to error, and that man's chief end is not to enhance the power or even to secure the safety of any nation. Let us not give Caesar a spiritual allegiance which belongs only to God.

It is not merely for the sake of their own souls that we urge upon Christians that they be not blinded by smug complacency or concentration upon self-serving and that they abstain from hatred, hypocrisy and the deification of nation. We urge this also because statesmen are the inevitable prisoners of their environment and the welfare of posterity now depends upon the existence of a pub-

lic who are tolerant and serene in their judgments, who have sympathies which are generous and broad, and who are willing that their political leaders should exercise the powers of sovereignty for ends loftier than the achievement of some immediate sectional advantage. Of all institutions, the churches are best qualified to perform this indispensable task.—*"The Churches and War," United States News*, 2-21-41.

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It is wonderful how dear to the heart of the British Government is the subject of religion and how impartially it encourages all brands of it.—*JAWAHARLAL NEHRU*, in "Toward Freedom," (John Day, \$4.00).

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Indians of James Pueblo have sought a deferred selective service status for young braves studying to be medicine men, who are the priests of their native religion and are considered essential to the well-being of the Pueblo. It is contended that these young Indians are theological students, and, therefore, can be classed in a deferred draft status.—*The Star*, Washington, D. C.

SAFETY

Stop and let the train go by,
It hardly takes a minute.
Your car starts off again intact,
And better still—you're in it.
—*Insurance Pictorial*.

SALES

Selling in War Time—For industries and companies directly or indirectly concerned with rearmament efforts, sales will require nothing more difficult than to have a production department that can produce in sufficient quantities and at prices which are reasonably competitive. Salesmen will have the time of their young lives and their egotism is going to be difficult to keep in check. For, hard or easy, immediate orders have too often been the measure of a man's ability.—*E. L. MATHY*, "Wanted: The Stamina to Stay Fit in the Face of Easy Orders," *Sales Management*, 2-15-41.

STOICISM

Two years ago I remember meeting a German woman married to an Englishman who told me we would certainly be conquered by Hitler because we have gas at the dentist's. Germans, she said, never have gas. They train themselves to bear pain. "Why?" I asked. "In order to be stronger than

others." "And what will you do when you are stronger than others?" "Conquer them." "And when you have done that will you have gas at the dentist's?" "No, we will never become soft."—*MARGARET KENNEDY*, in a letter to Julian Street, *Life*, 2-10-41.

WAR

Secretary of War Stimson was testifying before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. Everything was going along smoothly until Senator Vandenberg unleashed this thunderbolt:

"An order has been issued by the War Department, Mr. Secretary, according to my information, for the purchase of 4,500,000 identification tags bearing the letters KIA (Killed in Action). Will you tell us why such a purchase was authorized?"

Stimson became red in the face—finally blurted as if to himself, "I never heard of it."

But the cold eye of Senator Vandenberg was still on him. Finally the Secretary of War said:

"Yes, yes, I'll investigate."

"And," replied Vandenberg, "I would appreciate if you will be good enough to report the facts to me."

Senator Vandenberg will not need that report, however. The contract for the 4,500,000 tags was awarded to the William C. Ballyntine Co. of Washington last week. Work will begin soon.—*HARGROVE HOLMAN* in his column "Inside Washington," *Townsend National Weekly*, 2-15-41.

" "

During the last war a neutral asked a prominent German, "What will you do if you lose?" "We will organize sympathy," was the reply.—*The London Times*, 1-25-41.

" "

One Englishman said to the other, as they took shelter in a raid, "Why doesn't God stop this awful war?" Answered the second, "He didn't start it." God is not a king sitting on a throne, issuing mandates to this one and to that, taking sides with one against another as a human monarch might do. He is a Law, the Law of Love, with whom men must live in accord or die. . . . While the Law slowly works its way men will suffer for their mistaken judgments and wrong actions. By and by we will learn to live in harmony with divine Law and wars will cease to exist on this earth.—*ANGELO PATEL*.

WAR

From bomb-torn London comes this revealing little story.

After an all-night air raid, a crew of British bomb-demolition workers unearthed a huge bomb which had fallen in the street beside an important government building. Carefully they hoisted it on a truck, rushed it to a large open field, and there sought to explode it. But in spite of all efforts, the bomb did not go off. Gingly the workers approached and opened the bomb. This is what they found: The bomb was a dud; it had been made in a munition plant in one of the Nazi-conquered countries; and inside was a note which said, "This much, at least, we can do to help you."—*The Jewish Chronicle*, 2-7-'41.

" "

Is Germany Vulnerable? It is not certain that a great military defeat must be inflicted upon Germany in order for Britain to win the war. Germany cannot wage war for long without adequate supplies of fuel for her tanks, trucks and airplanes. Rumania provides a large portion of the Nazi petroleum supplies. Suppose that Britain in the next 12 months is able to destroy the Rumanian oil fields from air bases in Crete, the Greek mainland, the islands in the Aegean Sea, or from bases in Turkey? Suppose at the same time that the British bombing fleet becomes strong enough to search out and destroy virtually all the petroleum plants in Germany from which synthetic gasoline is obtained? If that could be done, would not Britain have the chance of obtaining more than a draw?

There is no intention to imply that all or any part of these things will happen. All that is intended is to point out that the unexpected events have been the important events so far in the war, and too many more unexpected things can happen in the coming months to warrant any dogmatic conclusion that Germany is invulnerable.—*Barron's*, 2-17-'41.

WORRY

There is a lot of difference between thinking and worrying. Every business man must spend much time thinking. Thinking develops ideas. It plans big things. It builds. Thinking is constructive. It makes men strong. But as soon as thinking becomes disorganized, worry begins.—*Gospel Banner*.

Good Stories you can use . . .

One of William S. Knudsen's defense assistants at Washington was beset by political pressure on an important decision. A couple of Capitol Hill bigwigs led a delegation to his office and threatened dire happenings if Knudsen's man did not reverse his decision. He took his trouble to the boss. Knudsen's comment:

"My boy, when you've lived as long as I have, you'll know: Never be scared of barking rabbits!"

The decision was not reversed.—*Barron's*, 2-17-'41.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

BY MARIAN EDWARDS

A singular little man named Strabansky, being conscripted into the Army, was the most negligent kind of a soldier. He was transferred from one unit to the next and a former Captain was surprised to discover that Strabansky was now a flawless soldier who drilled incessantly from morning to night every day.

"I can't understand it," said the first Captain. "When Strabansky was in my company, he wouldn't drill, he wouldn't do anything. How did you accomplish such a miracle?"

"It's very simple," said the second Captain. "I took him to my headquarters and immediately said, 'Strabansky, in this army you've got to learn one thing. Nobody is your boss. You go where you want and do what you want. Here's a gun—you're in business for yourself.'"—*Stage*, 2-'41.

Houdini, the famous escape artist, boasted that there wasn't a lock in the world that could withstand his ability to pick it. To prove this, he went about the world trying his skill on famous prisons, Oregon boots, handcuffs, strait jackets, and the like; all failed to hold him.

Then one day he found himself in a small town in Scotland. So he had himself locked in the county cald-boose. But he failed to note the merry twinkle in the eye of the town constable as he swung the door shut. It was such a rickety place, the famed Houdini thought it would be only a matter of seconds for him to effect his escape. Confidently he bent over the lock. He worked rapidly for a few minutes. Then his face took on a puzzled, troubled look. Could it be possible he had at last met a lock too

much for his skill? He attacked the lock more violently, but still the tumblers wouldn't tumble. With visions of an ignominious end to his career as an escape artist, he worked harder than ever before. At the end of a half hour, his face dripping with sweat, and weary of limb, Houdini stumbled against the cell door. It swung open. It had not been locked by the canny Scot, who almost tricked the great Houdini into defeat.—*News Record*.

" "

The British make the tails of men's shirts long, and the Americans short. In Gloucestershire, once upon a time, when ladies and gentlemen went out to dinner together on dark nights, the gentlemen pulled out the tails of their shirts and walked before to show the way and light the ladies. That was over a century ago. Even that early, England was practicing for the blackout.—*House & Garden*, 3-'41.

" "

The pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, chatted one day with a neighbor-pastor whose church was on a sidestreet just off Fifth Avenue. "Why do you call yourself the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church," he asked, "when you are not on Fifth Avenue at all?" The Baptist dryly replied, "My friend, we are as near to Fifth Avenue as you are to Heavenly Rest."—*Time*, 2-24-'41.

" "

After a day of strenuous activity at the Roosevelt Presidential Inaugural ceremonies in Washington, recently, Charlie Chaplin thought he would reward the local cop who had been his special bodyguard all through the activities. "Would you like to have my autograph?" asked Chaplin. "Would you like to have mine?" countered the cop. And that was that.—JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM, "Asides and Interludes," *Motion Picture Herald*.

" "

It used to be that if a man possessed enough brass, he could command an audience. In this modern day, before we will give an ear, we demand that he convert that brass into tacks—and sharp-pointed ones, at that.

" "

During the past twenty years it was "Youth shall have its fling." Now everybody has his fling at Youth.—DORIS DRUCKER, "Authority for our Children," *Harper's*, 2-'41.

